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NO. 44

*HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;*

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

"THANK God, you are come!" she exclaimed, in an emphatic accent.—"How is the dear girl?" I eagerly enquired. "Alive and sensible," replied her attached protectress, bursting into a flood of tears. I am not ashamed to declare that mine flowed in unison, so inconsistently various are the sensations of man; but I actually, at that moment, would have resigned half the term of my existence, could I have preserved the life of that amiable girl. A physician descended the stairs at the moment I entered:—"Are there no hopes, doctor?" said I, accosting him. "None, sir, none," he replied, in a decisive accent; "but the dear girl's sufferings will soon be at an end."—"This is the gentleman, madam, I presume," continued he, turning to Jane's protectress, "whom my poor patient was so desirous of seeing." Doctor P——, then kindly offered to return and prepare her for an interview, which I dreaded; Mrs. —— and myself followed him, but remained at the door of the apartment. The difficulty with which I distinctly heard the dear girl

draw her breath added to the anguish of my feelings; but in a few moments I heard her say, "Pray doctor, let him come in,—my time is short! I only wished just to see him—and I bless the Almighty for his goodness!"

Doctor P——, I, opened the door; I entered the same moment; the dying sufferer held out her clammy hand; I seized it with a mixture of tenderness and fervency, and imprinted upon it a sacred kiss. "My Jane! my beloved Jane!" were the only words I could articulate. "Do not, I conjure you, thus distress yourself," said the expiring angel, with a degree of fervency I did not expect; "you are good!—very good!—may the Almighty reward you!" she added; then, pressing the hand which she grasped to her bosom, she instantly expired!

"It has happened as I expected," said the physician, turning to Mrs. —— "it is all over, my dear madam," laying his hand upon the unpalpitating breast, "nature has made its last effort, and her spotless spirit has taken flight." At this declaration every faculty of my soul seemed suspended, and I felt as much shocked as if I had lost the only object who had been capable of endearing life. My ideas instantly reverted to the plan I had projected of renouncing the engagement I had formed with this amiable and tenderly-attached crea-

ture, and, in phrensied strains, I implored the physician to recal her to life. "Bleed her!" I exclaimed, "throw open the windows! Great God! you all stand as if you were stupified!"

So saying, I tore open the curtains, snatched up a bottle of lavender water, and began sprinkling the pallid face of the dear departed; chaffed her temples with the volatile liquid, and, at length, dropped down upon the floor in a fainting fit. How long I remained in this situation is unknown to me, but, upon the return of my recollection, I found myself stretched upon a bed; the worthy Mrs. ——— seated by the side of it, and a medical gentleman in the act of closing the orifice, which, in all probability, had restored me to sense.

I had travelled the whole day with a degree of rapidity almost unexampled, without taking any other sustenance than a glass of wine and a crust of bread; and the sudden shock my feelings had received, united to inward reproaches of my conscience for having dared to form the wish of breaking through the sacred engagement I had entered into with the amiable girl, altogether so completely overpowered my faculties, that total suspension of their natural functions was the consequence. A composing draught, which was soon afterwards given me, produced the desired effect, and, when I awoke the next morning, I found myself comparatively well.

Ten thousand thousands were the proofs of the amiableness of the dear departed's disposition which Mrs. ——— related, and equally numerous the delicate marks of attachment which she had displayed towards my ungrateful self. When lost to me for ever, I then felt the value of that treasure which had been so suddenly snatched from me by the cruel hand of death; and, to convince me still more of the sweetness of her disposition, even the servants appeared inconsolable. I resolved that every mark of external respect should be paid to the memory of my betrothed wife, and gave the undertaker orders to let no expence be spared in conducting the funeral. Having understood that my poor Jane had attached herself to a

young lady of the name of Maynard, I gave a jeweller directions to make two of the most elegant mourning rings, set round with brilliants, as a memorial of respect, the one for my poor Jane's amiable instructress, the other for her friend. The funeral was conducted with the greatest solemnity, and, what rendered it more impressive to the beholders, it was by torch-light; the church was completely illuminated with wax candles, and a body of choristers preceded it, singing the beautiful anthem of "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" Mrs. ———, Miss Maynard, and myself, followed as chief mourners, attended by two physicians, the apothecary, and three young ladies of the dear departed's acquaintance; and I can truly say, that throughout my whole existence, I never witnessed a scene so completely affecting.

During the few months the amiable girl had resided under Mrs. ———'s protection, the natural sweetness of her disposition had insured her many friends, and the artless simplicity of her manners bore a striking contrast to the generality of young ladies of her own age. Pride and vanity were alike strangers to her bosom, whilst her sympathizing disposition led her at once to pity and relieve every species of distress, while her purse and heart were ever open to the supplications of the unfortunate. That such an amiable creature should have been cut off in the very flower of existence was a real grief to all her acquaintance; but the amiable Mrs. ——— seemed to feel the stroke with as much severity as if she had lost the child of her most tender regard.

Mrs. Mackintosh, whom I formerly introduced to my readers by the name of Dorothy, had been made acquainted with her daughters's indisposition at the commencement of it, but, unfortunately on the morning of the day in which she received the letter, she had fallen down and broke her leg, and, of course, from that circumstance, was prevented from evincing her affection or distress. By the will of my partial relation, the bulk of the amiable Jane's fortune devolved to me upon her death; but justice seemed to demand that Mrs. Mackintosh

should enjoy part of it : I therefore determined to add three hundred a year to the five which her husband had bequeathed. To Mrs. ——— I felt the most unbounded obligations, as all my poor Jane's Letters breathed the warmest and most grateful attachment, and, convinced I was fulfilling the wishes of that amiable being, I settled upon her an annuity of two hundred pounds.

The arrangement of these different concerns required my attendance upwards of three weeks, at the termination of which time I returned to my friend Oswald's, for the purpose of settling that business which had induced me to visit Carlisle. I found Mrs. Oswald's spirits still more dejected than they appeared on the day after her daughter's inauspicious marriage, and, upon perceiving that I took more than a common interest in the lovely Emma's happiness, she one day told me in confidence, that the amiable girl was completely miserable, and, in confirmation of this assertion, read me part of one of her letters.

To my utter astonishment, the dear sacrificed angel, had drawn a comparison between me and the despicable wretch whose name she bore, and in terms too flattering not to have made the most unostentatious being vain of the preference. As I sat meditating upon the gratifying distinction, Oswald hastily entered the room : "What do you say, my dear Eliza, to a trip to Dumfries Castle, to become spectators of the hospitality of our son-in-law ? one of the servants is just arrived with this letter ; read it, and tell me whether you will go ; all I have to say is, we must set off immediately, or we shall not be there in time."

The purport of the little laird's letter was to say he had accidentally discovered that his Emma's birth-day was on the 21st, and that in compliment to her he had wished to invite all the neighbouring gentry, but that she had objected to the plan, alleging as a reason, the shortness of the time ; that he had then proposed asking all his tenantry and vassals, and having an ox roasted whole in the park ; to this plan, he added, his angel had acceded, and for so

doing he had prepared for her an agreeable surprize ; therefore intreated Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, with any friends they might have with them, would set out the moment the letter arrived.

There was more delicacy and affection in the proposal than I should have given the laird of Dumfries credit for possessing ; and poor Mrs. Oswald felt too much joy at the idea of seeing her beloved daughter to make the slightest objection to the shortness of the time ; and, though I had only a few hours before declared I must set off for London on the following morning, I suffered myself to be persuaded to accompany them. The carriage was immediately ordered, and we reached the castle, which was about twelve miles on the other side the town of Dumfries, about nine o'clock the same evening.

The joy, delight, and surprise which lady Dumfries testified at the sight of her parents gave additional charms to her expressive countenance, and she received me with as much cordiality as if I had been an old friend. The favourable opinion which I had entertained of her husband, from what I really had considered as a delicate mark of attachment, vanished the moment I beheld him, for he was again completely intoxicated ;—I do not mean to say he was reduced to a similar state to that in which I beheld him on the memorable night of his marriage, but he was evidently inebriated, and with difficulty avoided staggering. Late as it was when we reached the castle, he had not quitted the dining-parlour, though his only guests were the clergyman of the adjoining parish, and two officers, who were quartered there.

Mr. Oswald clearly saw his situation, and, upon being invited to join the gentlemen in the parlour, said, No, my lord, and if you wish to see me again at the castle, you will not return there ; I love society, and enjoy my bottle, but I cannot bear to see a man degrade himself to the level of a brute."

At this severe reproof the little man looked evidently disconcerted, and directed an imploring look towards his wife, as much as to say, for heaven's sake do not tell your father how often



you have seen me tipsy since my wedding-night. He stammered out, however, a coincidence of opinion with Mr. Oswald, and ringing the bell, desired the servant to inform the gentlemen their company was requested in the drawing-room, and, to do his lordship justice, he was much fitter to appear in the society of females than any of his guests. I contrived to seat myself by Eliza Oswald, and said, in a whisper, "Are all the men in Dumfriesshire as fond of the bottle as these gentlemen? If they are, I pity your sister for being compelled to associate with them."

"You would pity her indeed!" replied Eliza, with a deep drawn sigh, "if you knew the scenes she has witnessed since she left Carlisle." As Mrs. Oswald complained of fatigue, we retired early, and I slept sounder than I expected. Upon rising, I beheld several workmen busily occupied in driving in stakes to form artificial tents. The prospect from my window was picturesque and beautiful, and the morning one of the finest that ever shone out of the heavens; my spirits felt light, and I seemed to hail the circumstance, as an omen of the lovely Emma's future happiness. When we met at breakfast, though an angelic smile played upon her blooming countenance, I evidently saw it was unconnected with the heart; and, though she endeavored to appear cheerful, a sigh, which refused restriction, often passed through her coral lips, which she endeavoured to prevent her mother from hearing, by clearing her throat as if she had a slight hoarseness.

*(To be continued.)*

#### SINGULAR ATTACHMENT FOR WIDOWS.

LEONARD Condert, a native of the province of Limoson in France, was remarkably attached to the fair sex; his sincerity always led him to comfort the forlorn and distressed, by showing a peculiar penchant for widows, to one of which class he was contracted at the age of eighteen but the interference of his friends put a stop to, at least, the legal consumation.

At the age of twenty-three on the 19th

of January 1745, he was first married to Leona Dumont, widow, who died the 3d of February, 1750.

To his second wife he took on the 3d of April following, Mary Boyle, widow, who died on the 2d of February 1703. The third wife whom he married on the 4th of June, was Jane Nouilles, widow, who died the 13th of May 1768.

His attachment to the fair in general, and to widows in particular, suffered no diminution, for the 6th of February 1769, he married for the 4th time with Catharine Vallade, widow, who in her turn left him a solitary mourner, the 23d of October 1771.

He sought for his usual relief, and on the 1st of July 1773, he married his fifth wife, Ann Bargette, widow, whom heaven was pleased to take to its mercies on the 7th of January 1777.

He continued to mourn for her loss full four months, when solitude became a burden, he threw off his sable habit, and boldly attacked the lusty widow of Francis Belarbre, who became his sixth wife on the 27th May 1777, who blessed him with her endearments no longer than till the 26th of December 1779.

Habit was now become nature, & tho' in the 58th year of his age, was married for the seventh time, on the 3d of July 1781, to Frances Lapeyre, widow, whom he buried in January 1784, and immediately attacked the widow of Jean Jacques Zaure, whom he soon after espoused. Here our information respecting this curious man terminates.

#### MAGNANIMITY.

In the bloody reign of Robespierre two Abbés, both of the name of Guillon, were confined together in the same prison at Paris. There was ordered a general massacre of the prisoners there confined; who were conducted out of the prison, in small companies, into the adjoining yard; where ruffians stood ready to dispatch them. One of the abbés Guillons was among the first who were led forth to execution. At the moment he was expecting instant death, a messenger from the municipality of Paris arrived, and enquiring for the Ab-

be Guillon, delivered him a written paper containing an order or mandate, for his being set at liberty. When the Abbe began reading it, hope and joy beamed in his countenance; but, on further perusal, he perceived it was not intended for him, but for his fellow prisoner of the same name. He had before him the alternative, of saving his own life ingloriously, or losing it honorably. On the one hand, by availing himself of the mandate that had been given him by mistake, he might escape with impunity; on the other, his fellow prisoner, for whom it was meant, must have suffered death.

The struggle was short. Magnanimity and a delicate sense of honor, (probably religious principle also) prevailed with him over the love of life. After pausing a moment, he observed to the messenger that the Abbe Guillon for whose benefit the mandate was intended, was not himself, but one who was within the walls of the prison; and then turning himself about he walked up to the ruffian-executioners with a firm step and intrepid countenance, and instantly met his fate.

#### MAGICAL INCANTATIONS.

From Wraxall's Memoirs.

THE Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshall Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the Chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally at Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the Chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the Electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated

that money was concealed in the palace, but no one pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with avarice, or, at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment.\*

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer† naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself, but better calculated for the effect of incantations; the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so, and were satisfied that nothing, except violence, could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, indeed, as I believe, all, except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

\* Of raising a deceased person.

† The pretended magician.

(To be continued.)

## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To H——. (In reply.)

Yes, I do love with ceaseless truth  
The partner of my blissful hours,  
Though fickle friends disown her worth,  
And on our lot misfortune lowers.

And as the unfeeling world's oppress  
My young attempts to rise in life,  
I've hugg'd still closer to my breast,  
My all of joy—my constant wife.

The cherub form her love sustains,  
A sweet endowment of the skies,  
Reward of all his mother's pains,  
Will faster bind our holy ties.

From dawning light misfortune's child,  
Bland friendship sooth'd awhile my fears;  
But ah! her look no more was mild,  
When luckless pass'd maturer years.

And love alone her faith ordain'd,  
In penury and care and grief;  
Her downcast eye still joyful beam'd,  
And ever spoke the wish'd relief.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### FRAGMENT.

"In young minds, there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships." *Blair.*

'Tis not in beauty's fading flow'r  
That happiness is always found;  
Time soon destroys her boasted pow'r,  
Tho' her fam'd triumphs still resound:

See yon fair rose-bud lifts its head;  
Now blooming: all its charms we see;  
Soon are its fond attractions fled,  
Malvina, this resembles thee!

Know that, ere long, that charming form,  
Which now so many eyes admire,  
Oppress'd by time's unceasing storm,  
Will cease its votaries to inspire.

Virtue alone can peace bestow;  
A self-approving conscience give;  
All that of happiness we know  
While in this vale of tears we live.

Yes, virtue in congenial hearts,  
United by one common tie,  
The sweetest peace on earth imparts;  
The sweetest peace beneath the sky:

May I a virtuous bosom find,  
That beats responsive to my own;  
A gentle heart; enlighten'd mind:  
Be such my lot, and such alone.

SEILENROC.

From the Boston Gazette.

### HYMN,

ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

Written by Mr LATHROP, for the Choir of  
the second Baptist church in Boston.

Oh! God of Creation to Thee we will raise  
The full song of glory, thy due!  
Behold, from the East, the blest halcyon days,  
Again ushers Peace to our view.

'Tis thine, Mighty God, from the regions of  
light,  
To send the bright herald of joy,—  
To bid the rude trump yield to notes of delight,  
And the warrior cease to destroy.

Lo, Britannia once more hears a psalm divine,  
By voices celestial sung;  
Columbia's strong spears her own laurel's en-  
twine,

Which from freedom's rich heritage sprung.

Hence forward, the nations united shall prove,  
That Peace is true policy's plan,  
While rivals in virtue, and brethren in love,  
Man shall live, but in concord with man.

Thrice welcome, sweet PEACE, round the  
chrysaline throne,  
The tribes of the earth shall repair,  
While join'd hand in hand, thy mild empire  
they own,  
And contract endless fellows'hip there.

Hark! what sounds from the spheres 'tis  
the hymn of the skies.  
The angels their trumpets employ;  
Oh, let from the world loud hosanna's arise,  
And creation be fill'd with our joy!

### LINES.

WHILE journeying on the road of life,  
Depress'd with grief and anxious care,  
If I possess'd a virtuous wife,  
With pleasure every ill I'd bear.

Her sympathy would ease my woes,  
Her smile would heighten ev'ry joy;  
If she'd befriend I'd fear no foes;  
With her what could my peace destroy!

### EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Go spotless honor and unsullied truth,  
Go smiling innocence and blooming youth,  
Go female sweetness join'd with manly sense,  
Go winning wit that never gave offence;  
Go soft humanity that blest the poor,  
Go saint-eye'd Patience from affliction's door,  
Go modesty that never wore a frown,  
Go virtue and receive a Heavenly crown!



For the New-York Weekly Museum

**FRIAR LOUIS, OF GRANADA,**

DECLAINS AGAINST DEATH.

(From the Spanish.)

O DEATH, how bitter is thy memory !  
How near thy coming ! How secret  
thy ways ! How doubtful thy hour !  
How universal thy sway ! The pow-  
erful cannot fly thee ; the wise know  
not how to avoid thee ; the strong  
with thee lose their strength ; before  
thee no one is rich, for no one can pur-  
chase life, no, not for treasures. Thou  
walkest every where, thou surroundest  
every thing, and in every place thou  
art found. Thou graze the grass of  
the field ; thou drinkest the winds ;  
thou corruptest the air ; thou revolvest  
centuries ; thou exchange the world ;  
and thou art continually absorbing the  
sea. All things have their rise, and  
their decay, but thou continuest always  
the same. Thou art a hammer which is  
always striking ; a sword which is never  
blunted ; a snare in which all fall ; a  
prison in which all enter ; a sea where  
all are in danger ; a pain which all feel,  
and a tribute which all pay. O cruel  
Death ! hast thou no pity that thou com-  
est at the best time and impeded the  
best designs ? Thou destroyest in an  
hour, in a moment what has been the  
work of ages. Thou fillest the world  
with orphans ; cuttest the tread of stu-  
dies ; joineest the end with the beginning  
without leaving room for the means.  
O death, death ! O implacable enemy of  
mankind ! why hast thou entered the  
world ?

SUILENROC.

#### HUMOROUS CHARACTERS.

YOUNG *Spintext* having some learn-  
ing, a grave deportment, and a virtuous  
inclination, was bred a clergyman ;  
*Blister* was made a physician ; *Merca-*  
*tor*, a linen-draper ; *Flogwell*, a school-  
master ; *Chissel*, a stone-cutter ; *Silver-*  
*speech*, a counsellor ; *Daredevil*, a sol-  
dier ; *Navigator*, a sailor ; *Felt* a hat-  
ter ; *Kilcalf*, a butcher ; and *Buckram*  
a tailor.

Now 'tis really amazing with what  
a superlative contempt many of these

people behold one another. The *Tay-*  
*lor* wonders that men can be so mad as  
to hazard their persons in battles by  
land or water : and the *soldier* and *sail-*  
*or* are equally surprised that a person  
should sit all his life cross-legged on a  
shopboard, to handle a needle, and tack  
pieces of stuff together. The *physi-*  
*cian*, who disbelieves revelation, ex-  
presses his contempt of the *parson*, for  
preaching doctrines he is sure he does  
not believe. The *parson*, who is like-  
wise a *poet*, thinks it odd, a *stone-cut-*  
*ter* should think the great business of  
life consists in rubbing two stones to-  
gether to polish them ; The *stone cut-*  
*ter*, on the other hand, thinks it as odd, a  
*poet* should be so ridiculous as to im-  
agine he was born merely to *polish*  
*verses* ; and lastly, the *schoolmaster*,  
the monarch of a room, and tyrant of  
boys, despises the *linen-draper*, the  
*butcher* and the *hatter* for the mean-  
ness of their pursuits in life, and the  
wretchedness of their abilities, which  
need rise no higher in the scale of in-  
tellect, than to know how to measure  
a piece of *cloth*, skin a *cow*, or to work  
up *fur* and *felt* into a *hat*.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY MARCH 4, 1815.

### WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The circumstance that has engrossed most  
of the public attention of the present week is the  
splendid illumination of our city on Monday  
evening ; which was as grand in its appear-  
ance as the occasion which it was intended to  
celebrate was glorious. Notwithstanding the  
wretched state of our streets, in consequence  
of the late severe storms, and the mistake of  
the Wednesday previous, in partially illumin-  
ating, it may be doubted whether this or any  
other city in the Union ever displayed such an  
assemblage of whatever constitutes splendour,  
elegance or taste. The streets were thronged  
by all classes of citizens and visitors from the  
adjoining towns to witness the spectacle ;  
every face beaming with pleasure, and every  
tongue uttering expressions of joy.

Our limits are too circumscribed to permit  
us to enter into a detail of the various trans-  
parencies exhibited on the occasion, but we  
cannot omit noticing those of the City-Hall, as  
published in our daily papers.

"The Transparencies which adorned the City-Hall, were conspicuous as you approached that elegant building in any direction. From Chatham-street you saw the American Eagle proudly bearing in one talon the Thunder Bolts of War, in the other the Olive of Peace. A similar Painting was seen from Murray-street, as you approached the building. As you advanced in front, the attention was at first distracted by the multiplicity of objects and the blaze of light. When sufficiently collected to examine in detail the several pictures, the spectator found each wing adorned by a large Transparency; one representing Columbia and Britannia uniting their hands in friendship, behind them the colours of the two nations crossed in peace, and borne by the seamen of the respective countries, holding a scroll conjointly, with the following inscription.

**"REJOICE! REJOICE!! REJOICE!!!**

Bury in oblivion all past animosities, and as Citizens of the World at large,

Let CONCORD be the universal sentiment."

Above was seen the Dove descending with the Olive Branch from a bright sky, while clouds rolled away from the harbinger of peace. The other and corresponding painting for the other wing of the building represented the Temple of Concord, at the portal of which stood Minerva, who received Literature and the Arts, pointing to the Temple, in which stood the figure of Fame, and in her hand a Trumpet to which is suspended a scroll, as follows:

**"PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!**

With Commerce unfettered, Industry encouraged, and the Arts revived—may both Nations be ever prosperous."

Behind, was a sailor waving the flag of the United States over bales and barrels of merchandize: Each of these pictures was sermounded by a smaller picture, indicative of Agriculture and the Arts.

The body of the Building was adorned by a very large Transparency, in the centre of which appeared the Genius of America crowned with laurels, seated on clouds and resting on the Globe; in her right hand she displayed the signal of Peace, with her left she pointed to the words "UNITED STATES" on the Globe; behind her is thrown the trophies of war, and her sword, shield and helmet are beside her. At the lifting of the Olive Branch, the God of Commerce, Mercury, springs forward to visit foreign climes. The Genius of Plenty pours from her Cornucopia, riches and abundance at the feet of America. On the highest part of the centre of the Hall was an elegant Transparency representing the City Arms. We understand that the whole of these paintings were executed in five days by Messrs. Holland, Smith, Robertson and Dunlap, and were ready on Wednesday last before noon."

Washington, and Tammany Halls, the Theatre, most of the Banks and Public Buildings, were decorated in a style of appropriate and

peculiar splendor, as were a great number of private houses, to enumerate which would fill the greatest part of our columns, and we regret for that reason we are unable to gratify our readers. The city was in one blaze of light. At about nine o'clock there was a display of fire works at the government-house, never surpassed in this city. We are happy to state that no accident occurred to interrupt the general joy.

It is said that the business before Congress in their present session, is a bill in regular form declaring War against the Algerines. This appears very probable, from the circumstance that the INDEPENDENCE and WASHINGTON, two of our new 74's, are ordered to be fitted for sea immediately, the former to be commanded by commodore Bainbridge. We have not heard who is to have the latter.

It has been said that the U. S. sloop of war Wasp was captured by the English sloop of war Myrmidon of 20 guns, in Nov. last; and it is reported that the U. S. brig Syren has been taken by an Algerine frigate, after an action of two hours.

A resolution, in committee of the whole, has passed the house to reduce the army to a peace establishment of 6000 men.

A Minister it is said will shortly be appointed for England, and one for France, (Mr. Crawford wishing to return); and a minister of "princely rank" is said to be coming to this country from Russia.

The ship Star, prize to the Surprise privateer of Baltimore, arrived here this week, with a very valuable cargo of coffee, &c. &c. from Batavia to London.

Governor Early, of Georgia, has been shot through the neck, in his own house, by a col. or gen. Clarke, for a *veto* which the governor had put to a law.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. M'Clay, Mr. Anthony Tiebout, to Miss Sally Bishop, both of this city.

By the same, Mr. Levi Valentine, to Miss Susan Duyckinck.

By the rev. Mr. Burk, Dr. Ralph I. Bush, to Miss Eliza Van Vailer.

#### DIED.

Isaac Clason, esq. merchant, in the 63d year of his age.

Mrs. Anna Earle, aged 78.

In the 26th year of her age, Mary, wife of Mr. Thomas Brown.

Mrs. Jane Redstone, wife of Mr. Redstone, aged 59.

Mr. Samuel Brewer, merchant, in the 36th year of his age.

Mr. Langhorne Burton Raynor, aged 37.

Mr. John Cunningham, Inspector of Lumber.

Mrs. Margaret Briscoe, aged 42 years.

Mr. Edward Small, hair-dresser.

Mr. John Teasman, African teacher, aged 61.